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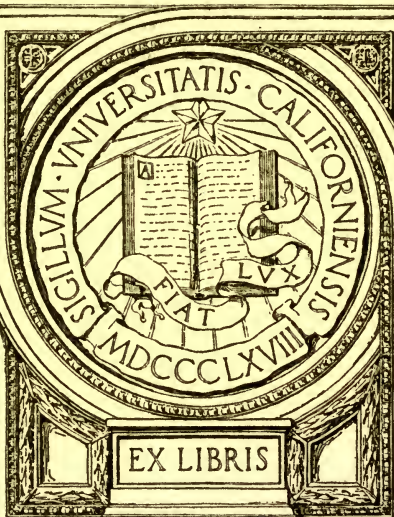


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Songs of the Soul

HARDEN

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Mrs Baldwin Harden

SONGS OF THE SOUL



MAE BALDWIN HARDEN

Songs of the Soul

By

MAE BALDWIN HARDEN



1918

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA
CITIZEN PUBLISHING COMPANY

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1918
BY RAY W. HARDEN

TO MY FATHER
JARED BALDWIN

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INTRODUCTION

BY RAY W. HARDEN



The collection of verse contained within these covers was composed by the author, not for the purpose of merely producing poetry, nor of publishing a book; but through that mysterious force termed direct inspiration.

Mortal life is an experience of the soul wherein earthly happiness and knowledge are earnestly sought. During the struggle each must encounter more or less of suspense, disappointment and sorrow.

Who would cheer the sufferer must share the suffering. Devoting thought to universal sympathy often stirs the poetic instinct of a sensitive mind. Forms of thought, quickening within the mental nebula, find in rhythm of rhyme a material expression. Thus are emotions of Humanity translated.

In such inspirational manner the contents of this volume came to be written. The work is typical of life's vicissitudes, reflecting the varied impulses and passions as earth people live them.

The rugged progress of the soul is traced as it presses on toward the new dawn, in which extended consciousness of life's purposes will comfort struggling spirits.

So, approaching this still distant goal, these sentiments come; not with gay beguiling, but with proof that the initiations of earth-life are held in sympathetic comprehension by the author of these songs of the soul.



In the New Dawn

May
Those
for
Whom
the
Winter
of
Life
is
Long
and
Cold

Find Blessed
Peace and Comfort



CONTENTS

	Page
Future	1
Evening Thoughts	2
Tired	3
I Have a Friend	4
My Love of Long Ago	5
Life's Journey	6
Home Upon the Hill	7
Golden Hours	8
Days of Yore	9
"If"	10
Something	11
One By One	12
A Supplication	13
If We Only Knew	14
Sweet Sleep	15
"Judge Not"	16
Little Words	17
Fair Isle	18
Hope	19

CONTENTS--- Continued

	Page
That Time Has Passed	20
Waiting; Yes Waiting	21
Come Summer Days	22
Is It Worth the Cost?	23
'Tis Lone, So Lone	24
Long Ago at Home	25
Youth's Dream	26
Rest	27
What I Would Ask For Thee	28
Elysium	29
To a Departing Friend	30
What Does Life Give?	31
Why Should It Matter?	32
The Indian Warrior	33
Oh To Forget	34
Light Through Darkness	35
Retrospect	36
Then and Now	37
To a Son	38
The Gift of Youth	39
The Old Mill Stream	40
Fate's Triumph	41
Storm Tossed	42
Thy Will	43
A New Dawn	44

THE
FUTURE

Oh thou dark mysterious future,
Tell me what thou hast in store,
I would have the deeds unfolded,
That must be, forever more.

I would bid thee sit beside me,
Though thou art a thing to dread,
Tell me all, for now in sorrow,
Every earthly hope seems dead.

Oh thou cold, relentless future!
Thou wilt answer not a word,
Still forever, moving onward,
Just as though thou hadst not heard.

Yet perchance, thou art far kinder
To me now, than I may know,
To withhold the pain, and anguish
That thy countless pages show.

Hope may often be deceiving,
Yet 'tis better than to learn
That our joy has fled forever,
And can never more return.

Leave me then, oh wild Impatience,
Let me in this bitter hour
Trust those things of future moment
To a wise all-seeing Power.

EVENING THOUGHTS

When the dewy shadows fall,
And the night, her vigils keep;
When the darkness reigns o'er all,
And the world seems wrapped in sleep,
Then come sad thoughts of the past,
Hopes, that once looked bright and fair,
Joys, that were too sweet to last,
All have gone, I know not where.

Pain and sorrow come to mind
When I think what might have been
Had Fate to me been more kind,
And the saddened heart, within,
Wonders will it ever be—
In the future far away,
Will a blessing come to me?
Will the night e'er turn to day?

Now alas! we cannot know
What the coming years will bring,
Whether happiness or woe;
Mystery covers everything.
All that's left us is to hope,
For without hope, all is lost.
Cruel Fate, we can't revoke,
Though our bark by storm is tossed.

TIRED

I am tired; so tired of waiting
For that which will never be;
Tired, so tired of longing
For rest that is not for me.

Tired; so tired of bearing,
The burdens of grief and pain.
Tired of wishing and hoping,
When hopes are all in vain.

Tired; so tired, of trying
Life's weary work to do;
Tired of forever dreaming
Dreams that never are true.

Tired; so tired of striving,
If nothing but sorrow will fall
To my lot while here I'm living,
Yes, so tired of it all.

I HAVE A FRIEND

I have a friend who's constant, kind and true,
 My dearest friend;
May all the joys that Heaven or earth imbue,
 Thy life attend.

I have a friend who's all in all to me,
 A friend most dear,
Whose presence gives the greatest joy I see,
 My life most cheer.

I have a friend. Oh may kind Heaven above,
 All good things send
To bless the one whom evermore I love,
 My more than friend.

MY LOVE OF LONG AGO

Oh! long ago, in accents low,
Love whispered unto me
The sweetest words I e'er have heard—
"I love thee, only thee."

The moon shone bright, my heart was light,
No sorrow did I fear;
Bright was the beam of love's sweet dream
When love, my love, was near.

Oh happy hour! Oh wondrous power!
That should such love bestow;
Ah! ever true I'll be to you,
My love of long ago.

And now at last, though years have passed
And hearts are filled with grief,
Sweet thoughts of thee will ever be
A solace and relief.

Though all the while we may not smile,
May not be glad and gay,
Thy presence dear, my life doth cheer,
And grief doth chase away.

Ah! love so true may bless but few,
How great the joy to know
Thy love of yore lives evermore,
My love of long ago.

"IF"

If, as you've walked the path of life,
 You never have sorrow known,
If you've escaped all care and strife,
 And have made no bitter moan,
You may be happy, glad and free
 But you cannot understand
What a trial your neighbor's life must be,
 Who with grief walks hand in hand.

If you have much of this world's wealth
 But have never worked and toiled;
If you are blessed with the joy of health,
 And your hands have never soiled,
You may bow down in thanks to Heaven
 For the gift of gold and land;
But want with which the poor have striven
 You never can understand.

If you've been always good and just,
 And never a wrong have done,
If you've been true to every trust
 And kind toward every one,
If you've been sinless from your youth,
 No taunt nor jeering thrown,
If you affirm all this with truth,
 Then "Cast thou first the stone."

SOMETHING

We may dream of some happy moment
But when it comes and has passed
There was "something" to vex and torment,
So 'tis only a dream at last.
We think of some coming day of joy
And happiness, all our own;
Yet there's always "something" to annoy
And such happiness ne'er is known.

With eager thought we dream of the bliss
That shall come to us bye and bye,
Then "something" happens; the joy we miss
But alas! we cannot tell why.
There's always "something" our hopes to crush,
No matter how real they seem,
Yet the heart still beats to the magic rush
Of some distant murmuring stream.

O imagined stream that shall bear along
That something so eagerly sought
Yet faileth not to bring something wrong
Which maketh our pleasure naught.
Oh! why should "something" bring care and strife
When we think in our joy to rest?
When there is something we miss in life
Why should it seem dearest and best?

GOLDEN HOURS

The golden hours of the future,
Oh the happy joyous day,
When the hopes and plans we nurture,
In reality shall stay,
Thus we dream away the morning
And see not the joys that lie
Scattered 'round us at the dawning
We might find them if we'd try.

The past we have left behind us,
It has gone beyond recall;
The future is far beyond us,
And may not be ours at all.
The present then is ours alone,
Strive to enjoy today;
For a cheerful smile and gentle tone
May drive much care away.

Each one in this world of sorrow
Must bear some burden of grief.
Think not of troubles tomorrow,
Tomorrow may bring relief.
Try to see the sunshine ever,
Though cold and dark the way,
For the future may give us never
The golden hours of today.

DAYS OF YORE

The sun may shine as bright,
The birds sing just as sweet,
The moon and stars come forth to light
Our weary wand'ring feet.

But happy days of yore,
When faith and hope were mine,
Will to my heart come never more,
Such peace around me twine.

Ah! then I thought the years
Would all be bright and fair;
I had no thought, no haunting fears
That sorrow would be there.

I sang glad songs all day,
My heart was free from care,
I gathered flowers on my way,
The garlands bright to wear.

But now that years have passed,
Have brought more pain than joy;
I know joy cannot always last
Or be without alloy.

Yet e'en amidst the grief,
I know there's love that's true,
Though flowers will fade, must fall the leaf.
And often friends are few.

I will not weep and moan,
But take the joy that's given;
I'll try to bear the pain alone,
And leave it all to Heaven.

LIFE'S JOURNEY

As through life you journey onward
Many a day you'll see that's fair.
Yet if darkness closes 'round you
Don't give up to wild despair:
Do not scorn to pluck the flowers,
Though by noisome weeds they grow,
Do not cast the sunshine from you,
For too soon alas, 'twill go.

You cannot have the sunshine,
Without the clouds and storm,
And you cannot have the roses,
Without the brier and thorn;
Nor the gentle shade of evening,
Without the noontide heat,
For this world is full of brambles,
As well as flowers sweet.

You must not expect your pathway
To be strewn with flowers fair,
For you'll surely find the thistles.
Yet with diligence and care
You may gather up the flowers,
Fold them gently to your breast,
Where the brier or the bramble
May no more disturb their rest.

Do not let the night and darkness
Fill your soul with dread despair,
When the morn comes forth in brightness
May not joy await you there?
Bid "sweet hope, the bird so snowy,
Fold her white wings 'round thy heart";
Though sometimes you'll miss the sunshine,
Yet light will not all depart.

HOME UPON THE HILL

On the hill-side, softly shaded,
A cottage nestled white;
The sweet flowers bloomed and faded,
The sun shone clear and bright;
And the sounds of childish laughter
That rang the glad refrain,
Though 'tis many long years after,
In mem'ry still remain.

Home,—where sisters' love and brothers'²
Were so dear to each one there—
Where a kind and loving mother's
And a tender father's care
Made glad the little children's hearts
Who played upon the lawn.
But alas! the day of youth departs,
And the children now are gone.

From their happy home of childhood,
All have wandered far away;
Yet the birds, the flowers, the wildwood,
Are in my thoughts today;
And as memory the tide doth stem,
Tears start against my will,
For I was one among them,
Who played upon the hill.

Ah! youth cannot last forever,
Those happy days will go,
And our saddened hearts may never
More, the faith of childhood know.
Yet there's joy beyond all measure,
Though now 'tis lone and still,
In the thoughts that memory treasure
Of the home upon the hill.

ONE BY ONE

One by one, the days go by,
Cloud then sunshine fills the sky;
When hearts are sad the hours seem long,
But short if spent in pleasure's throng.

One by one, the years roll on,
After darkness comes the dawn.
Though some may suffer deep distress,
Yet peace and comfort others bless.

One by one, the seeds we sow
Bring grief, or blessings, as they grow;
We reap the tares with tears and pain
Or gather golden sheaves of grain.

One by one, the burdens dark
Come with pain, our lives to mark,
Yet happy hours we all shall know,
Enjoy them gladly, e'er they go.

One by one, some precious gift
Is sent the drooping soul to lift,
With grateful heart each one accept,
Resign them bravely when bereft.

One by one life's duties all
Must be accomplished, great and small,
If we've done well we shall be blest,
As one by one we go to rest.

A SUPPLICATION

When life is o'er, and we are here no more
Will the sun's effulgent rays
Illuminate always
The path we tread on that ethereal shore?

When we have passed the portals dark at last
If there a voice we hear,
Say "Fear not I am near,"
Shall we in awe view all Thy splendors vast?

When friends we leave—from death there's no reprieve,
If we by pure intent
Shall be at last content,
Oh may the loved ones left peace then retrieve.

Thy ways are wise, Thy mercy never dies,
But Oh! our hearts are weak;
From Thee more strength we seek
Oh send us now Thy blessing from the skies.

IF WE ONLY KNEW

If we only knew the sorrow,
If we knew the care and pain,
That the coming years would bring us,
Would we wish to know again?
When our hopes have fled and left us,
Not a joy to heal the wound,
And the castles we've erected
All have crumbled to the ground.

Then there's time enough for grieving,
For if we had known before,
Life would be devoid of sunshine,
Filled with darkness evermore.
Could we've had the strength to battle,
With the fierce storms overhead,
Or gleaned one ray of brightness,
From the hopes, that now lie dead?

If we only knew the morrow
Would to us bring pain and woe,
All the bitter grief we'd suffer,
None on earth could ever know:
It is best we should not know it,
God is wiser far than we,
And hath bid us bear with patience,
Whatso'er our lot may be.

SWEET SLEEP

Oh! 'tis sweet to rest in sleep,
When the day's dull cares are o'er;
Where all trouble, slight or deep,
For a while we'll know no more.
When the light again appears
And another day's begun,
Lesser trouble disappears
'Neath the radiance of the sun.

Oh! 'tis sweet to rest in sleep,
When our cares seem to increase;
When life's sorrows o'er us sweep
And the heart-ache ne'er doth cease,
For in sleep we rest secure
With our trials all forgot,
There is nothing to endure
When in dreams, we know them not.

Oh! 'tis sweet to rest in sleep;
There all vexing thoughts are gone,
Years of joy at once we keep
In our dreams, 'twixt eve and dawn;
Where grim poverty and pride
Can no more our lives annoy,
In those castles we abide
Which our waking hours destroy.

Oh! 'tis sweet to rest in sleep,
'Tis a blessing sent from God;
There His children, though they weep,
May find respite from the rod.
Though we're oft severely tried,
Yet, when all life's work is done,
May the joy that's here denied
In that long last sleep be won.

"JUDGE NOT."

When we see some one, a neighbor,
Doing wrong, as we may think;
Though he shrink from honest labor
And seems on destruction's brink,
Do not say that he deserves to fall
Or make darker still his lot,
There's a wiser power above us all,
'Tis for us to judge him not.

When we see some struggling one who tries
It might seem, in vain to live,
If we cannot help him to arise
Words to harm him do not give—
Though we are great, his resource small,
And his life seems wrong and weak,
Remember, God shall judge us all,
Let us not our judgment speak.

We may not know the circumstance
All the grief through which they've passed,
We cannot tell what earthly chance
May have caused their fall at last.
But He who knows our every thought,
Knows who's false, or who is true,
He shall judge aright, if sin they've wrought,
He shall judge us, me and you.

LITTLE WORDS

Oh! how many times are harsh words spoken
 Without a thought
Of the cruel sting, or heart half broken
 Such words have wrought.
Ah! if we knew what pain they leave,
With words no more our friends we'd grieve;
Though we're forgiven and the past retrieve,
 'Tis dearly bought.

How like incense sweet, is a gentle word
 To weary hearts;
When bowed with grief, and a kind voice is heard
 Much pain departs.
Then let us do what's in our power
To cheer the soul, make bright the hour,
It will on us far greater blessings shower
 Than wealth imparts.

FAIR ISLE

O'er the deep blue sea.
How I long to glide,
From the world I'd flee,
Leave its cares and pride.
On some fair sweet isle
Full of joy serene
I'd the hours beguile
Amid nature's scene,
Where from waving trees
Comes the silvery note
Wafted on the breeze
From the songster's throat
While the brooklet's flow
Mingles with the sound
And sweet zephyrs blow,
Bringing rest profound.
Oh fair isle to thee
Would I haste away
O'er the deep blue sea
In thy bowers to stray—
By thy murm'ring stream
Fragrant flowers grow
There to live and dream,
Oh I fain would go.

HOPE

What would life be to us without hope?
O thou radiant beacon of light!
With life's myst'ries we better may cope
When thy brightness illumines the night.
In all grief laden hearts hope doth dwell
Though it may often seem to have fled
Dark despair from the soul it dispels
And around us Joy's mantle doth spread.

Though our hearts may no more be as light
As in halcyon days of our youth,
Yet in day dreams there comes to our sight
Visions dearer than life's sternest truth.
Though we feel disappointment's keen sting,
Joy eludes us and pleasures flee fast,
Though friends fail us and fortune takes
wing
Yet hope ever remains till the last.

O thou priceless, thou eternal boon!
Life is naught with thy guiding star set;
All around us, thy low restful tune
Tells of light—we the darkness forget.
Though 'tis hard to see clearly the way
When our hopes here so oft prove in vain
Yet it cheers and makes brighter the day
When we hear thy endearing refrain.

THAT TIME HAS PASSED

I can no more know grief so wild and weird
As once swept o'er me, with its chilling blast,
No joy nor sorrow nor all things endeared
Can move me now as then; that time has passed.

Yes it is o'er, and with a life subdued
I view the wreck devoid of sail or mast;
I rave no more, though with a strength renewed
The foaming billows dash; that time has passed.

Tossed by the waves, by angry breakers flung
Relentlessly, upon the rocks I'm cast;
Though from the spirit every hope be wrung
Yet will I murmur not; that time has passed.

I look toward the dark horizon's bar,
Yet see no gleam amid the darkness vast,
Calmly await the warnings from afar;
I neither hope nor fear; that time has passed.

WAITING, YES WAITING.

We're waiting, yes waiting, from morn until eve
While each dreary day the same burden doth leave,
Forever imploring some unforeseen fate
To enable us calmly, with patience to wait.

Waiting, yes waiting; how patience is taxed
As we wearily struggle with smiles unrelaxed,
To hide from the world what we fain would have hidden
While time moveth slowly on wings that are leaden.

Waiting, yes waiting, for unfulfilled hope
To crown us with blessings. How wide is the scope
Of our ideal visions! yet oft they allure,
Then trials seem harder for us to endure.

Waiting, yes waiting, "The mills slowly grind,"
He who steadfastly waiteth a treasure may find;
Yet many have waited to reap at the last,
The seeds of regret for the years that are past.

Waiting, yes waiting; how long must we wait?
Living lives of suspense, while we anticipate
Some circumstance better wherein we are blest;
Thereby ever striving to still our unrest.

COME SUMMER DAYS

Autumn's golden days have passed;
With us now is Winter's blast,
Frozen earth and frigid sky,
With the snow flakes whirling by.
Phantom scenes from Winter's gone
'Round me seem to glide along,
How the ghostly spectral train
Fills my heart with silent pain.

Come O Spring! with balmy breath,
Chase away this chill of death!
Come, O come! with crystal showers,
Buds and blossoms, birds and flowers.
Could I hear thy murm'ring trees,
Catch the sweetly scented breeze,
I might then forget the pain,
Find in mem'ry a sweeter strain.

Come O fairest Summer days!
With thy hours of dreamy maze,
'Round me then from mem'ry's hall
Sweeter echoes lightly fall;
From the flower decked earth arise
Songs aeolian to the skies;
Brighter shine hope's glim'ring rays
In the fair sweet Summer days.

IS IT WORTH THE COST?

What have we attained,
Toiling all the day?
Have we hope sustained
On life's weary way?
Some loved boon to gain
We've o'er torrents tossed
If won, through years of pain
Is it worth the cost?

Something to achieve
Martyrdom we bear;
Then reap at last dead leaves
And withered blossoms wear.
Oft for love alone
All beside is lost,
When indifferent grown
Is it worth the cost?

Toiling wearily on
Dreaming of a time
Of rest, when years have gone
In some more genial clime;
Longing for a gleam,
To fall our path acrost
If fulfilled—the dream,
Is it worth the cost?

Lofty heights we climb
With lacerated hand—
Shall we hear joy's chime
If at the top we stand?
Would the voice of fame
Pay for all we've lost?
Would we prize a name—
Is it worth the cost?

'TIS LONE, SO LONE.

'Tis lone, so lone, from morn till eventide;
Contentment, O why wilt thee not abide?
With fleeting step why leave the ingleside?
O mortal soul! art thou ne'er satisfied?

'Tis lone, so lone, from eve till break of day;
O mystic realm! where is thy power to stay
The restless spirit: night stealeth away;
Dreamland's bright vision! why doth thou delay?

'Tis lone, so lone, since faintly was descried
The first bright gleam on which the soul relied;
Inspiring thoughts the soul to heart confides
For one brief moment! e'er the light has died.

'Tis lone, so lone, O arid years that roll
Mournfully on; for buried hopes ye toll;
With what regret ye fill the fainting soul
As with a weary step we near our goal.

LONG AGO AT HOME

O do you remember those days still?

Long ago at home;

When we climbed the steep and mossy hill?

Long ago at home;

There upon the lilac scented breeze

Came the hum of honey laden bees,

While birds warbled sweetly from the trees,

Long ago at home.

Can you see the vine-clad cottage, where

Long ago at home,

Happily we dwelt without a care?

Long ago at home;

Gaily rambling over hill and dale,

Plucking wild flowers in the shady vale

We were sheltered from the storm and gale,

Long ago at home.

Smoothly gliding o'er the silver stream,

Long ago at home;

Youth has softly dreamed a fair bright dream,

Long ago at home;

Though the dreams like summer birds have flown,

Memory's echoes fainter now have grown,

Ne'er forgotten, is the joy we've known

Long ago at home.

YOUTH'S DREAM

When youthful minds, like buds unfold,
A blissful dream is theirs untold;
A paradise by love enhanced
They see; and gaze the while entranced
Nor see the darksome cloud arise,
That soon may spread o'er fair blue skies.

They draw an easy breath, and smile;
Nor pause to wonder, yet awhile
Why we are here to live and die,
Why tears so often dim the eye;
Just their fair world with naught between
Is all they see of life's great scene.

Ah youth, 'twere well ye saw it not!
That naught should mar thy blissful lot,
As on a light and airy wing
Ye soar in sweet imagining;
For soon the lowering hueless gray
May chase the azure tints away.

When whirling winds with sobbing sound
Vie with the storms, that drench and drown
That purer sense of sweet content
Which in thy placid smile finds vent;
Then ye shall know a sterner fate,
For mortals here predominate.

Though calm may come from out the whirl
And threatening clouds their mists unfurl,
Yet when ye fain would mend the skein
Of circumstance, t'were all in vain;
The blissful dream is gone and all
That thou shalt hear, is duty's call.

REST

Rest, O rest!
Come to me for I am tired;
That which once I most desired
Liveth in the long ago;
Twilight nears, I weary grow;
Come, O rest!

Peace, sweet peace!
Let thy soothing power pervade
Through the darkling evening shade;
Make thy presence felt and known
In the heart that's tired grown,
Seeking peace.

Vanished dreams!
Of the past thy memory thrills,
Voiceless echoes naught e'er stills,
Thy illusive spell hath wrought
In the heart a deeper thought—
Dear lost dreams!

Oh content
Let not elating dreams arise
Which here I ne'er shall realize;
But may I find a rest profound
Living a life wherein is found
E'en content.

Only rest!
I ask for thee, and thee alone;
Knowing the dim uncertain tone
Of seeming joys, which soon disclose
A discontent: in deep repose
I would rest.

WHAT I WOULD ASK FOR THEE

From all the gifts of life no jeweled crown
I'd choose for thee; nor yet the world's renown;
For those things rarely give what most we prize
But oft deceive us by their fair disguise;
The gift I'd ask for thee would ever bless.
'Tis may life always bring thee happiness.

Life's happiness cannot be bought with gold
E'en when attained 'tis difficult to hold,
For certain penalties we all must pay
Who know its joys.. For all things fade away.
Then would I ask for thee a true content—
Life's happiness without its punishment.

It is a gift that is possessed by few,
The rarest gift of earth I ask for you.
And having gained it what could one gain more,
Though fame were his, or wealth in bounteous store?
In asking this I ask all life can give
Or Heaven bestow on mortals while we live.

ELYSIUM

If there another's love was like our own;
Changeless while life should last,
Or time be known;
Where kindest thoughts in constant interchange
Dwelt in the hearts that nothing could estrange—
And we could live in pure felicity
The humblest cot a paradise would be.

TO A DEPARTING FRIEND

Dearest friend, thy steps are turning
Far away,—I must remain;
I am for thy presence yearning,
With a grief naught can restrain.
Yet thy deeds of constant kindness,
Ever shall my thoughts pervade;
Tears will dim mine eyes to blindness
When from sight thy form shall fade.

Friends are few, and often fleeting;
But to me, thou'st ever been
All sufficient—each thought meeting
A response, my soul within.

Selfish thoughts O let me banish,
For there are none in thy heart,
From thy soul they ever vanish,
In thy life they hold no part.

Why am I from sorrow shrinking
Who have long its pathway trod?
Not alone the dregs I'm drinking,
Thou hast too passed 'neath the rod.

When the weeks to months are creeping,
And through silent hours I dream
Dreams that come not while I'm sleeping
But like mindful spirits seem,

I shall know of what thou'rt thinking,
Though wide lands between us roll;
Sympathy is ever linking
Thy dear thoughts, within my soul.

Wheresoe'er thy steps are wending,
May a blessing follow fast;
May Fate with thy life be blending
Sweetest harmonies, at last.

Not until again I meet thee
Somewhere in this world so wide,
Not until thy voice shall greet me,
Will my heart be satisfied.

WHAT DOES LIFE GIVE

What does life give that can atone for all the dreary years
Borne forbearingly in silence while the heart were full of tears;
Whence comes a hope sustaining that doth live to recompense
For all that's lost and buried in the shadows dark and dense
When memory has numbered every pleasure o'er again,
What is it all, and where a joy the heart can e'er retain.

The world may smile enticingly, fling gifts with lavish hands,
Yet if they are accepted, an exacting price demands;
A price not paid with gold nor gems—their wealth will not
suffice,
For Fate is inexorable, and heart the sacrifice.
Yet oft 'tis valued carelessly, sometimes scorned bitterly;
Those who grasp the greatest pleasures suffer pain as penalty.

Life gives the heart a wish for love, desire for sympathy,
Yet many souls awaketh late, arise from lethargy
To meet a bliss that's brief, and soon wrapped in appalling
gloom
They bear a grief that time can only hush within the tomb.
Fate, thou art strong, weak mortals here no triumphs o'er thee
gain,
For though they cling to duty, thou hast power to give them
pain.

The human mind, aspiring, oft may gain immortal fame.
Yet however great or noble, time leaveth but a name.
A little joy life giveth with a vast amount of grief
From which though great the struggle, one gaineth small relief.
Life's but a breath, a vapor, like a bubble quickly goes;
And all know disappointment from its morning till its close.

WHY SHOULD IT MATTER?

Why should it matter how much hath been lost?
The story is ended, and bitter the cost:
Only the ashes of colorless gray
Tell how consuming, the fire that held sway.
Close the book softly and lay it aside;
How hast thou fallen, O once regal pride!

Bear it all silently, e'en though the heart
Throbbing with torture, asunder should part;
Useless is pleading, 'twere vain to implore
For that which naught e'er again will restore;
Light giveth way to the darkness o'er head,
Yet why should it matter, when hope lieth dead?

Cast a dark pall o'er the pitiless past,
Where is there aught with endurance to last?
Bury it all in the deep darksome earth,
Back to the dust that hath given it birth;
Once more resuming the same weary strain,
What's more enduring than sorrow and pain?

Crush back the yearning that filleth the soul;
When hath a mortal yet reached his fair goal?
Even though happiness seem within grasp,
Still it forever evadeth the clasp;
Hope's joyful greetings now cometh no more;
Yet why should it matter, 'twill all soon be o'er.



THE INDIAN WARRIOR

With piercing eye upon the rocky peak
 He gazes o'er the mountain stream and plain,
His soul aflame—his nature never meek,
 Forbids that he should savage ire restrain.
This land so fair, was once his Fatherland,
 The home that God had given his ancient race.
But man hath driven him far from ocean's strand,
 To seek anew a transient hiding place.

There is within his wild, untutored mind,
 Desire for vengeance on his ruthless foes.
His hand is raised alike 'gainst all mankind;
 He seeks the pale face wheresoe'er he goes.
Though crushed and driven back, he ne'er will be
 Subdued nor conquered, nor shall peace be found
For his ungoverned spirit until he
 Finds rest within the happy hunting ground.

OH TO FORGET!

Oh to forget; when will it cease,—
All this discord that hath no harmony;
Wild is the tune, discordant the key,
Will the notes e'er sound a sweet song of
peace?

Oh to forget; O to be free
From the confusion that reigneth supreme;
Free from the dark turbulent stream
That beareth the soul to a fathomless sea.

Oh to forget those lucid dreams
That mem'ry exhumes and discloses to view;
Those mystical hopes time doth undo,
And promises fair that life never redeems.

Oh to forget; O to live true—
True unto conscience, and true to the heart;
Daring to bid deception depart,
Nor fearing when truth is given in lieu.

Oh to forget thoughts that impart
Unceasing pain to the sensitive mind,
That hath not been permitted to find
Existence, where duty accords with the
heart.

LIGHT THROUGH DARKNESS

The heavens look dark; the storm is wildly beating
Against the panes; the winds with wailing cry
Shriek 'round the gables; yet night's surely creeping
Toward the morn, the darkness soon must die.

Though tempests roar, and vivid lightning flashing
Leaves deeper darkness when the brief light dies,
It will not last; the rain in torrents dashing,
Shall be succeeded by fair azure skies.

So may it be, that all the bitter weeping
Shall sometime cease, as cease tempestuous gales,
And latent joy, that now is only sleeping,
Shall wake the chords where harmony prevails.

Then, weary soul, look for a beacon's gleaming,
When life's frail craft is tossed by foam lashed waves,
Some guiding light at last may cast its beaming
O'er the sad heart, and grant the rest it craves.

Though long hath been the watching, and the waiting,
Through years whose days have worn the gloom of
night,
The fury of the storm is now abating,
Perchance there may at last shine forth a light.

Hope on, hope on; e'en now the gloom is fading,
A faintly glimmering light may be discerned;
Oh may its brightness, future years pervading
Yield joy, that hath been through endurance earned.

RETROSPECT

Would I wish again to be a child? Ah no!
For then I needs must live them o'er again
Those years which have been fraught with so much
 pain;
Must once more climb the hill, in swift pursuit
Of pleasure, whose voice is silent now and mute.
But hope is high in youth—Ah me! how could I know.

If we could tread life's path again and know
Just where it lead—could see the strife, turmoil
And misery—'twould make the bravest heart recoil;
Could see our shattered idols, as they are,
Just made of common clay like to ourselves, 'twould
 mar
All earthly pleasures, which at best are few.

THEN AND NOW.

Yes we were happy then when youth was with us
Nor did we pause to ponder blessings o'er,
We dreamed our dreams, believing life would give us
Abundant harvests from the world's vast store;
We dreamed of love and joy with naught to grieve us
With nothing lost, where all to us was gain.
Alas! that dreams so fair should fail and leave us
To mortal agony and bitter pain.

We could not see beyond the present's brightness
The gloom that filled the future's vast expanse;
Our hearts were full of innocence and lightness,
We thought each day would but our joy enhance;
Our eyes saw not the thorny path we'd follow,
Nor did we dream of bitter tears we'd shed.
Life then to us was not so false and hollow
That lips should smile to cover pain and dread.

But now alas we've learned the bitter lesson,
Now youth's departed and our hopes have flown.
How memory haunts us as we strive to press on
Toward the goal—with weary step—alone.
The evening finds us strangely worn and shaken,
The voices we have loved have silent grown,
Sad thoughts come first to greet us when we waken
And all remind us that our summer's flown.

Then we with bounding pulses, hearts of gladness,
Saw only brightness for the coming years.
Now we know all that intervened of sadness
And bowed us low with grief and falling tears,
Then we desired to mold our fate, and rather
Guide our own footsteps than be led by Thee.
Now we would only ask that Thou, O Father,
Wouldst lead us onward o'er life's troubled sea.

TO A SON

A mother's pride is in her son,
And if high honor he should win
And fame and fortune smile on him,
 Her heart's desire is won.
Yet should the world see naught to praise
Nor find a merit to proclaim,
Though fortune frown, through all his days,
 Her love remains the same.

THE GIFT OF YOUTH.

A charm is thine, a gift of priceless worth,
I too possessed it once, yet deemed it naught
But wished the years to pass, that o'er the earth
I might pursue the happiness I sought.

Enjoy thy childhood; ere the fleeting hour
Shall bear the charm away in very truth
Where nothing e'er again shall have the power
To give it thee—that priceless gift of youth.

THE OLD MILL STREAM

Through all the miles that intervene
 O'er mountains clad with snow,
I trace the years that lie between
 Me and the long ago.
As memory leads me o'er the strand,
 I catch the water's gleam—
Again upon the bank I stand
 Beside the old mill stream.

Once more I walk the village street,
 I climb the steep hillside;
With joy I seek my old retreat,
 Within the shadows wide.
Thought builds anew the castles fair,
 Oh bright illusive dream
Of youth! devoid of every care,
 Beside the old mill stream.

Those years have passed and on my day
 The twilight shadows fall:
Yet o'er the hard and toilsome way
 Thy mercy covers all.
Though far away we all now roam,
 Yet often, as I dream,
I meet the ones I loved at home,
 Beside the old mill stream.

FATE'S TRIUMPH

Deep from the heart, the same rebellious cry
Hath issued forth, from dreary year to year;
With bitter murmurings that will never die,
Against a fate that's but a living lie;
Yet now, as from the first, triumphantly
That fate remains; nor heedeth time nor tear.

Those inner thoughts within the troubled mind
Repeatedly the ways and means rehearse;
Yet in decrees of fate no solace find,
Whose edict is most cruelly unkind,
And whose dark fetters often strongly bind
A life unto a life, though 'tis a curse.

What human power can set the fates aside?
Why hearken to an oft conflicting thought
That only raiseth hope, to soon deride
As too unrealistic to abide;
O heart canst thou not learn,—be satisfied,
That 'tis beyond the reach what ye have sought?

O tired feet, now rest ye in despair,
For ye have trod life's dreary path in vain;
O weary hands that signs of labor wear,
How gladly would ye toil, if only there
With thee were love the woe and' weal to share,
And yet it is a boon thou canst not gain.

Turn, weary soul, to the declining sun,
'Tis sinking 'neath the far horizon's crest;
So also is thy course now nearly run;
Through all the years of pain, what hath been won?
'Tis not to be,—close now sad eyes, and rest.

STORM TOSSED

When the clouds have gathered o'er us,
And we miss the light of day;
When their shadows lie before us,
Making difficult the way—
When we are by darkness hovered
Let us not forget 'tis true,
Silver Linings oft are covered
By the clouds of blackest hue.

When our pathway seems to lengthen
Far beyond the fading light,
If we persevere, 'twill strengthen,
There can be no endless night.
Through experience all are learning,
Keep the light of hope ahead;
For the lane that has no turning
Is a long one—it is said.

When the burdens that we carry
Seem beyond our strength to bear,
Yet we may not rest nor tarry
In the darkness any where;
When we think the light will never
Shine again—that hope is gone.
Then remember, that 'tis ever
Darkest, just before the dawn.

THY WILL

I've lived my life, the clouds have drifted by
That in my youthful hours had seemed so
fair
And those whose darkness covered all the
sky,
Have also vanished in the ether air;
And yet to tread the ordinary way
Is harder far, though wind and gale lies
low,
For bliss and sentiment has had its day,
Yet since it is Thy will—then be it so.

Now memory leads me back to other years,
Oh happy years! The shadows lightly fall,
Storms are unheeded, and there are no fears
Within my heart, for love is all in all
And walks beside me. There's another clasp.
A childish hand, my baby boy's—When lo!
The dream has faded from my eager grasp
Yet since it is Thy will—then be it so.

The sun has sunk to rest, the twilight cold
Casts but a fitful gleam across my way.
The light is fading—I am growing old;
Lead me my Father, unto Thee I pray;
The unknown path—why should I fear it
now,
Thy way is best, at last I've learned to
know.
In resignation unto Thee I bow,
For since it is Thy will—then be it so.

A NEW DAWN

Happier days surround us,
Those of the past have gone.
Loftier thoughts around us
Tell of a soft new dawn;
Memories of grief and passion
Sink 'neath the ocean vast,
While peace in her own calm fashion
Surges the soul at last.

Out in the vast forever
Whither we all are bound,
Lingers the good, that never
Lacking in love is found.
Looking with clearer vision
Into the past, we find
T'was but a needed mission
To strengthen and build the mind.

While in the living presence
Of those who are unseen,
We drink the purer essence,
And on greater wisdom lean;
Soon with the veil uplifted
We'll wider knowledge gain—
When the clouds have all been rifted,
Life's mysteries will be plain.

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